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THE PARTY ARRIVE AT THE HOSPICE.

A LADY'S WINTER ADVENTURE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

It was in the latter part of the month of October, 1845, that I left England to join some part of my

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family, who were at that time residing in the north of Italy. I was accompanied by a friend, who never having before even crossed the Channel, was a complete novice in all the difficulties, discomforts, and crosses, which even in these days inevitably

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attend on those who ramble abroad. Such troubles are passed over as trifles by those who really love travelling; but, to many, they form an insurmountable hindrance to the pleasures they might otherwise experience. My friend, belonging to this class, looks back even now with more of horror and dismay than gratification to the incident I am about to relate.

I will not inflict on my readers any account of the dull and tedious journey by the Belgian railway to Cologne, whereby the pleasure, doubtless found by many in former days in exploring the really beautiful and interesting towns of Belgium, is entirely brought to an end; for though there is now no actual hindrance to our doing this, some kind of infatuation seems to prohibit it; and we hasten on from station to station without even bestowing a thought on what lies so near, yet unseen. Neither will I linger to recount the days that we devoted to the attractions of Cologne, Heidelberg, and Strasburg; but will at once hasten on to the time of our arrival at Basle, where we spent a delightful evening, in a room almost overhanging the Rhine, and affording us a most enchanting view of that noble river, its picturesque wooden bridge, and the old town and cathedral, which I think seldom meet with as much praise as they really deserve.

We left Basle the next morning, for even here we were met by the intimation that we were already late, and had chosen a bad time for crossing the Alps; so after some tiresome negotiations with one of that most avaricious and obstinate of all classes, the Swiss voituriers, we did at last effect an agreement with him, and started for Berne by the picturesque route of the Val de Montiers. Our carriage was comfortable enough, but I could not feel as well satisfied with the appearance of those lean, feeble-looking white horses, which were appointed to convey us on so long a journey. The romantic beauty of this road hardly begins until the little village of Soleure is passed. Here we stopped to dine; and soon after leaving the spot, the defile was entered where, properly speaking, the Val de Montiers, or valley of the Birs, begins. The whole road is excellent, and is known to have existed from a very early period. In fact, it was used as such by the Romans, who thus kept up the communication between the Rhine and the capital of Helvetia. It may now be described as a succession of narrow and rocky defiles, alternating with open valleys or basins, cheered and enlivened by numerous pretty villages and mills. In some parts the precipices overhang the road, and these being well clothed with wood, the dark foliage of the fir-trees adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, in which the river Birs, foaming and rushing through the rocks below, forms also an important feature.

I can give no account of the view, usually reckoned so fine, of the Alps from the last slope of the Jura, for, as we descended on Biemme in the afternoon of our second day, the whole surrounding country was enveloped in a sheet of thick white mist, which, as we approached Berne later in the evening, almost presented the appearance of a vast lake, stretching out on every side. For this loss, however, we were amply indemnified the next day, when we began our sight-seeing in Berne with the platform behind the Minster, so celebrated for

its view, which, happily for us, was clearer and finer than any I had ever before enjoyed. The whole range of the Bernese Alps appeared before us, absolutely glittering against the sky like peaks of solid silver. From this point six snowy mountains may be counted; but from the Enghe-terrace, where we went later in the day, twelve of their gigantic heads may be seen towering against the sky. Few things can be imagined more sublime than this view at sunset, when the rays reflected from the snows appear nearly of a rose colour, and the vivid, distinct, almost sharp outlines gradually fade away into dim shadow. After such scenes, one feels no great inclination for the lions, or perhaps I should say, without intending a pun, the bears of Berne; for bears, dead or alive, meet one in every direction. Many of the stone fountains, which are very numerous, are surmounted by quaint-looking figures of bears in different characters. One appears in armour, with a sword at his side, and a banner in his paw. There are various legends professing to account for the attachment of the Bernese to this animal. One relates that, when Berchtold founded the town, an enormous bear was slain on the side thereof. In the old German or Suabian dialect, the word Bern signifies bear, and these animals also appear in the armorial bearings of the canton. They are to be seen, in the museum, stuffed at almost every age, and are found alive in the ditch outside the Aarburg gate, which has been arranged for their habitation, and is called the "Bärengraben." When the French were finally expelled from Switzerland, one of the first cares of the citizens was to reinstate the bears, some of them having been carried to Paris in 1798, and installed in the Jardin des Plantes.

After leaving Berne, a journey of a day or two brought us on to Lausanne; intimations, in the shape of closed hotels, steam-boats laid up for the winter, meeting us on our route, and proving to us that we had delayed our journey beyond the usual season for pleasure tourists. From Lausanne a little more travelling would bring us to the Simplon; and having heard much of that celebrated pass, I was extremely desirous of crossing it.

Our preliminary arrangements being completed, we started for the Simplon, accordingly, on the morning of the 9th of November. I must here observe that all my inquiries at Lausanne, as to the safety and practicability of the pass at this season, were met by assurances of there being no risk or chance of difficulties whatever, and that the weather having been so fine, we should find no danger from the state of the mountain; a tolerably good proof this, as we found to our cost, that it is impossible to depend on the representations of those who are interested in your taking one route in preference to another. Had we gone to Geneva, and by the Mont Cenis, we should have encountered none of the troubles that I am now about to describe.

Our first sleeping-place after starting was to be at Bex, but we had stopped for two hours in the day, to dine and rest, at Vevay, and were delighted with the beauty of its situation and with the views from it of the lovely lake Leman, the gorge of the Rhone, and the snowy peaks of the Dent du Midi, with many other mountains. The day was most

brilliant, and as Vevay, the "sweet Clarins" of Byron, and Montreux, appeared in succession before us, each seeming to surpass the other in beauty, we almost longed to delay our entrance into Italy, and repose for some weeks in scenes so lovely. Next appeared Chillon; and though rather late, it was impossible to resist a visit to a spot not only interesting from its beauty, but from its terrible associations, enhanced and immortalized by the poetry of Byron. That poet, however, when he wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon," is said not to have known the history of the real captive, Bonnard, prior of St. Victor, who for six years languished, a victim to the tyranny of the duke of Savoy, chained in a deep dungeon to a ring in one of the stone pillars, which still remains. Here, in this dungeon, Byron inscribed his name, and I must acknowledge that my attention and enthusiasm were so rivetted to that memento of lofty though misguided genius, that I forgot to sympathise properly in the woes of the unhappy prisoner who had there suffered. Perhaps, as I looked out from the prison, which, contrary to the common idea of a dungeon, is lighted by several windows, and contemplated the blue waters of the lovely lake, I felt as if even imprisonment in such a scene would lose half its horrors.

We arrived late at Bex, where we found a tolerable inn; but my slumbers were disturbed about the middle of the night by a most violent storm of wind and rain. The gusts which shook the whole house, and seemed to threaten it with destruction, were positively terrific, and I was meditating whether I should rise and make inquiry as to our safety, when gradually the storm abated, and before I slept again the wind was almost entirely lulled, though the rain continued to fall in torrents. The suddenness of these mountain tempests is matter of astonishment to those who witness them for the first time. They arise without the slightest previous warning, and fall again almost as suddenly; but generally, like the one in question, leave their effects in several days of rain and storm. Our next morning proved this; for it was cold, damp, and cheerless, and we were assured by the people of the inn that this was the beginning of their winter—not a very encouraging piece of information, considering our destined route. The remaining two days' journey to Brieg afford nothing interesting or remarkable. The weather continued sombre and chilly, and the inns after Bex were all bad, uncomfortable, and even dirty; while the road passing through the valley of the Rhone presented, for most part of the way, a most desolate aspect. For many miles above Martigny, the lower part of the valley is but a flat swamp, rendered extremely unhealthy by the overflowings of the Rhine and its tributaries. The devastation caused by these torrents strikes painfully on the eye of a traveller; for the waters, not being carried off by a sufficient declivity, frequently stagnate, and, in consequence, malaria prevails to a dreadful extent. The inhabitants are terribly afflicted by cretinism, goitre, and fever, and they have generally a diseased and filthy appearance, contrasting singularly with the neatness and healthy active habits of the Vaudois. This change is remarkable immediately on passing the bridge at St. Maurice, which divides the two cantons.

Early on the morning of the 12th we started from Brieg, the last resting-place before the ascent of the Simplon, which begins immediately on leaving the post-house, a most wretched spot, and which we were only too glad to get away from. We were anxious to reach the inn at Simplon, while it was yet day-light, and the morning, though by no means brilliant, seemed to us favourable enough; the air was peculiarly mild, the sky grey but not heavy or clouded; and a total absence of wind led us to hope that we should encounter no difficulties in our day's journey. This wonderful road, so admirable in its construction, is really entirely free from danger, except in stormy weather; though for those who are nervous and timid, the fearful depth of the precipices, along the edge of which the path is necessarily conducted, may be a cause of alarm. But such dread is needless, for the road is nowhere less than twenty-five feet in breadth, and in some parts as much as thirty; nor is the ascent in any part excessively steep or painful to horses, the average slope nowhere exceeding six feet and a half. Every one probably knows that the construction of this road was decided on by Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Marengo. It occupied six years in the completion, though more than 30,000 men were frequently at one time employed in the works. The bridges alone, great and small, are 611 in number; and in addition there are ten galleries cut out of the rock or built in solid stone, twenty houses of refuge and shelter for travellers, besides the Hospice at the summit, and numerous terraces of massive masonry, many of them being miles in length. It is impossible to travel on this road without admiration, wonder, and astonishment, at this stupendous and useful work. The governing motive which caused its formation was curiously shown in Napoleon's twice repeated question to the engineer employed: "When will the cannon be able to pass the Simplon?"

In spite of the advantages of the road, our voiturier judged it inexpedient to tax the strength of his three white horses in dragging us up the mountain, and he employed for that purpose four stout horses from the post-house at Brieg, leaving his own to follow at their leisure the progress of our carriage. The first part of our journey was entirely absorbed in admiration of the grandeur of the scene. The road runs near to the gorge of the Saltine, on the verge of a precipice, whence at a vast depth the torrent is seen forcing its way tumultuously through the rocks. The scene is grand and almost terrific, when, crossing the torrent by a lofty bridge called Pont du Gauthier, the road turns down on the opposite side, and, by various and most tortuous ways, brings the traveller to the little inn of Béréal. The upper end of this ravine is fearfully subject to avalanches, and, contrary to the usual custom of the country, the bridge is uncovered, for it is supposed that any additional resistance of timber work would expose it to inevitable destruction by the fearful currents of air that accompany the fall of each avalanche. We were desired to dine at Béréal, and, luckily obeying the orders of our voiturier, we really fared very tolerably, contrary to the expectations we had formed from the homely appearance of the small tavern of the place. Soon after leaving Béréal, we passed the first gallery, 95 feet long and between 3000

and 4000 feet above the Glys. The view from this point of the Bernese Alps, glorious no doubt in clear weather, was on this day misty, dim, and uncertain, and we could barely discern the giant peaks of the Breithorn and Aletsch-hörner.

The cheerful sense of security which had attended us on our way as far as Bérésal, here began to diminish considerably; for soon we perceived, not only that the road was covered with snow, getting deeper and deeper every yard we advanced, but also that it was beginning to snow afresh, while the air grew perceptibly denser, and rapid, sudden, and startling gusts of wind from time to time seemed to forbode the coming storm. As we could have no hope of reaching Simplon under three hours and a half at the least, I own I felt considerable disquiet, but I was unwilling to show my friend, already greatly alarmed, the fears that were agitating my mind. The voiturier was grave and cross, and our English servant looked, as English servants too frequently do in difficulties, most gloomy and discouraging; and few things are more disagreeable than a long sulkily face when one wants a few words of comfort. The portion of the road which we had now to traverse, between the fifth refuge and the summit, is reckoned, though I did not know it at the time, the most dangerous of all; and to protect unfortunate travellers as far as possible from the perils of avalanches, it has six places of shelter, three galleries, two refuges, and a hospice. The refuges are inhabited by labourers, who are employed upon the road, and also, as we afterwards found, in protecting and aiding those who are so unhappy as to be overtaken by storms in this fearful locality. By the time we left this fifth refuge, no doubt could exist as to the alarming state of the weather. It was blowing hard, the cold being bitter and intense; the snow was driving in our faces, and thickening the air so much that hardly anything beyond the immediate road could be discerned. These storms, in Alpine language, are called "tourmentes," and truly they deserve the name. One peculiar feature of them is, that the snow, so called, resembles more a shower of ice, and the flakes or morsels thereof, driving hard and fast into the face and eyes of the unhappy traveller, so blind and stupify him, that, exhausted in the attempt to battle with the icy tempest, he too frequently sinks down in the snow, and, overtaken by an irresistible stupor, miserably perishes. A fall of snow in these regions, it will therefore be seen, is a wholly different matter from the soft, large, woolly flakes which we are accustomed to in the world below.

The darkness was increasing upon us every instant, and the snow on the road had now become so deep as to hide nearly half the wheels of the carriage, and cause the greatest difficulty in their turning at all. The snow being also newly fallen, was wholly untracked; and, no wall or parapet being possible in this part of the road, the path is only divided from the edge of the precipice by occasional large, heavy, single stones, something like magnified mile-stones. Against these we more than once heard the wheels of the carriage grate, proving how fearfully near the edge we were: and there really seemed nothing to guide or save our struggling horses from overstepping the almost imperceptible boundary that lay between us and

total destruction. It was a fearful scene, and one calculated to try the strongest nerves. My friend, terrified beyond all control, insisted on getting out of the carriage, and I, as in duty bound, followed. The danger of our position really seemed frightful. Men and horses were blinded and driven back by the wind and incessant fall of snow which came direct against them; and though striving hard to get on, they constantly stumbled and fell in the untracked and deep snow. The horses could only by the greatest exertions be induced to face the gale, or move a step onwards, their labour being of course doubled by the difficulty of forcing the clogged wheels to advance at all. Night, and that too a fearful one of storm, was evidently fast approaching. What was to be done? became the question. By this time we were getting near to the sixth refuge, and feeling that our ineffectual attempts to get on in the snow were only additional hindrances to the men, I persuaded my friend to return to the carriage. I felt almost in despair, for it seemed to me absolutely impossible that we should this night pass beyond the place where we now were. But at this moment we stopped, and, hearing strange voices, I looked out, and perceived that two men from the refuge had joined us: wild figures they were, enveloped in goat skins, yet I hailed their arrival with joy and gratitude, for I felt sure that some help was now near. One soon advanced to me, and, announcing himself as the inspector of the Simplon road, and therefore, of course, the chief of the band of men thereon employed, assured me that, though our situation was certainly alarming, he hoped to be able to get us on to the Hospice, where the monks would instantly admit us, and there he said we must sleep.

At this crisis our voiturier joined the conference, and with his usual obstinacy, objecting strongly to this plan, insisted that we must go on to Simplon, where he said we should certainly arrive before night. I soon perceived the cause of this perverse opposition, which was the fear of having to keep and pay for during another day the four horses and their driver whom he had brought from Brieg; and for this pitiful consideration he was willing to risk all our lives without the slightest compunction. My friend the inspector, a remarkably pleasant-looking man, with a more open countenance than is usually seen among the Swiss, was not, however, of a sort to give way on a point so important, and he insisted on our adopting his plan, saying he was in a manner responsible for travellers, and that he could not agree to our making so desperate an attempt as to proceed on our journey in such a night as he foresaw this was likely to be. He said the road was wholly untracked, and that it was next to impossible for any carriage on wheels to get on; but that if we slept at the Hospice, we might perhaps, by sending for sledges, get on the next day. I strongly supported his arguments, and finally carried the point by peremptorily telling the voiturier that, if he said any more, I would dismiss him instantly on arriving at Domo d'Ossola, and send him back to Basle, and at the same time write to the hotel keeper and others there an account of his misconduct. He submitted, therefore, with a very bad grace, and we slowly and painfully proceeded

on our way. The inspector and his man being provided with spades of a peculiar kind, preceded us, and by digging and shovelling away the snow in the worst parts, and making a sort of track for the horses to follow, they considerably diminished the difficulties of our progress, which, though the distance is only half a mile between the last refuge and the Hospice, occupied a very long time. At last we arrived in front of a large and solid edifice, of a sober grey colour, and stopping opposite to it, the inspector advised us to get out and proceed as well as we could on foot, for that it would be both a tedious and difficult operation in so deep a snow to turn the carriage, and get it into the remise or coachhouse of the Hospice. We of course obeyed, as we should have done any directions he gave, and scrambling with great difficulty through the great masses of snow which covered the ground between us and the gate, chilled through and through, we at last arrived at the entrance, just as the great bell rang, and a monk, with three large dogs, came out to welcome and receive us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

ABOUT the time that the cheerful note of the cuckoo is heard by day in our land, announcing the full arrival of spring, a wildly shrill sound salutes the ear at night-fall in various parts of the United States, and is continued through the hours of balmy sleep. The sound in question proceeds from a bird popularly styled the Whip-poor-Will (*Antrostomus vociferus*), on account of the remarkable resemblance of its cry to the pronunciation of those words. The accent is very strongly laid upon the last word; next in order upon the first; and last of all upon the middle. The expression is not uniformly distinct. It varies to Whippoo-Will, Whip-peri-Will, and Whip-Whip-poor-Will, but the ordinary cry corresponds to the popular name, and the words are uttered as perfectly as they could be by the human voice. The cry is never heard in the day-time, the bird then retiring to the densest and darkest woods; but from about dusk to midnight, especially on gloomy nights, and just before dawn, the call is incessantly repeated in certain situations, which are chiefly elevated woodlands and rocky grounds, low marshy and maritime districts being avoided by the feathered exclaimant. If not "most musical," the note is "most melancholy" to a stranger; and forcibly lays hold of the imagination when it is heard at intervals amidst the sobbing, sighing, and howling of the wind, while ragged clouds are flying across the moonless sky. It seems as though it came from some intelligent, conscience-struck, and self-tormented spirit, seeking rest and finding none, craving chastisement in order to relieve itself of some transgression; or from some innocent victim disconsolate under long exposure to the lash of the oppressor. The effect is heightened by the obscurity courted by the bird; for though the sound may betray its near neighbourhood, appearing as if it were at one's very threshold, it comes from a carefully concealed object, nestling on the ground beneath some bush, and may be called the voice

of the sad unknown. The North American Indians have a tradition of a great massacre of the red men by the whites, and regard the Whip-poor-Will as uttering the complaints of their departed ancestors.

The following lines from the pen of General Morris, long a resident on the banks of the Hudson river, and who conducted one of the New York literary journals, happily express the train of thought naturally excited by the mourning strain:—

"Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?—
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven:
That seems the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!

Art Will himself?—It must be so—
I learn it from thy moan,
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,
While other birds repose?
What means thy melancholy note?—
The mystery disclose.

Still 'Whip-poor-will'?—Art thou a sprite,
From unknown regions sent
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?

Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved
The fairest can deceive?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved,
Since Adam wedded Eve.

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need?
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son!

Hast found the world a Babel wide,
Where man to mammon stoops?
Where flourish arrogance and pride,
While modest merit droops?

What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain,
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why I should whip poor Will?

Dost merely ask thy just desert?
What! not another word?—
Back to the woods again unhurt—
I will not harm thee, bird!

I'll treat thee kindly—for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance done;
Treat every man as he deserves—
Who shall 'scape whipping?—None!

Farewell, poor Will—not valueless
This lesson by thee given:
'Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself alone to Heaven!'

The bird, about the size of our own thrush, has its plumage variegated with black, very light and

dark brown, the colours extending in minute streaks over the body and spotting the wings. It migrates in the vernal season from the tropical part of the continent, ranges as far north as the great lakes of Canada, sometimes passing to a higher latitude, and after breeding retires to winter in the warm climes of the south.

An allied species, of larger size, has received the name of Chuck-Will's-Widow, *Antrostomus Carolinensis*, from its equally singular and affecting serenade, uttered with a slower, fuller, and louder tone than that of its comrade. The Indian becomes pensive on hearing the expression of bereavement echoing from the roof of his dwelling, or near his threshold. This bird is likewise a vernal traveller from intertropical districts, and is found in great numbers in the vast woods and solitary glens of the Mississippi and Missouri, retiring to the south about the middle of August. It too is silent by day, but commences its cry soon after sunset, and it is then continued with great frequency on moonlight nights, and repeated, after a cessation, before dawn. The nocturnal cries of animals in the apparently interminable equatorial forests of the western world, constitute a Babel hard to describe and difficult to imagine. The jaguar howls after the peccaries and tapirs: the latter crowding together break through the interlacing climbers which fill up the intervals between the trees, in order to effect their escape. Alarmed by the crash, colonies of monkeys aloft on the boughs raise the cry of terror; while tribes of parrots and paroquets increase the general din. But without any disturbing cause, the ordinary sounds of the birds in these primeval woods are the most impressive, from their seemingly ominous significance. Mr. Nuttall strikingly refers to the surprise and wonder of the traveller bivouacking for the first time in the interior of Guiana, and listening to the strange concert of its feathered inhabitants. In the obscurity of the twilight, perchance a fluttering object is dimly seen approaching, and begins to accost him with, "Who-are-you?" impetuously repeating the demand, "Who-who-who-are-you?" another advances, and, as though a toiling slave, bids him "Work-away," renewing with emphasis the injunction, "Work-work-work-away;" a third cries mournfully, as if addressing a reluctant child, "Willy-come-go!" urgently continuing, "Willy-willy-willy-come-go!" while, if in an upland region, the invocation is common, "Whip-poor-will!" "Whip-whip-whip-poor-Will!" If awake towards midnight, one of the large-sized goatsuckers may be heard, as though gasping in agony, "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" each tone being fainter than the preceding one, like the sighs of an expiring sufferer.

SEVEN GOOD MOTTOES.

WE cannot expect too little from man, nor too much from God.

Time is my estate—my land, which I should improve.

The Bible is the representative of God upon earth.

Be ashamed of nothing but sin.

Doing God's will is food to a healthy soul.

God speaks to our ear by his word; to our eye by his providences; to our feelings by his rod; and to our heart by his Spirit.

We cannot seek an interest in Christ too soon.

A VISIT TO THE GUTTA PERCHA WORKS.

ONE beautiful morning, a short time since, we found ourselves in a quiet and somewhat dirty thoroughfare, known as Wharf-road, City-road, the location of the factory of the Gutta Percha Company. Provided with a passport, we entered their works, and spent a very interesting "leisure hour" in the inspection of the curious processes by which this truly wonderful production is adapted to such a surprising multiplicity of uses. It must excite astonishment in every mind that an article, the knowledge of which was so recently confined to a few Malaysians, should within so short a time have given occupation to the two hundred persons employed in these works, to say nothing of the multitudes who, by patent and otherwise, are already engaged in its sale and manufacture throughout the land. For three centuries and a half Europeans dwelt on the spots where it is raised, yet, strangely enough, it remained unknown to them till the year 1842!

Were the present a fitting place for a grave dissertation, we might, perhaps, pen an interesting passage on the marvellous mode in which great discoveries are providentially adapted to particular periods in the world's history; remaining hid it may be in total obscurity, or else lying under the very eyes of mankind unnoticed and unknown, until the appointed moment of their development arrives. But we refrain from this curious speculation: our business is now simply to describe things which came under our notice.

Just inside the gates of the factory, as we entered, stood a large wagon full of lumps of a substance somewhat resembling, at a distance, a load of cocoa-nuts, with the outward fibrous husk still on them. To the touch, however, on approaching, the difference was sufficiently palpable; they were far more solid and much heavier than the objects to which they seemed to bear some resemblance. The following cut will give some idea of the general appearance of these oblong masses, which are about half a cubic foot in size.



A very common practice among the cunning barbarians is to extend the bulk and increase the weight of their lumps of gutta percha by inserting stones, while the substance is yet in a plastic state and is being moulded into suitable sizes for transmission to this country. One shape, however, is by no means rigidly adhered to. We were shown some lumps fashioned into rude representations of ducks, with two little berries for eyes; representations of fish and crocodiles are by no means uncommon; while one lump has been received in the shape of an infant's head!

Leaving the yard, we were shown the "cutting

machine," where an immense solid disc of iron was revolving vertically, about 150 or 200 times per minute, against an inclined shelf, down which the blocks of gutta percha were guided by a workman, and being caught by the knives inserted in the disc, they were rapidly cut into slices. The large stones moulded into the lumps played sad havoc with the knives. One instance of this occurred even during the few moments we stood looking on.



Sectional View of a Lump.

We now passed on to another department, where the gutta percha is separated from the dirt and all other extraneous matter which is often mixed up with it. Here we found several spacious tanks, into which the sliced gutta percha was cast, for the purpose of boiling, by means of the waste steam from the engine. Being thus reduced to a uniform consistency, it is put into what is technically called a "teaser," which is something like what is known as a "scutcher" in a cotton mill. This is a circular metal box, containing a cylinder, or drum, covered with rows of bent jagged teeth, which revolves about 700 times per minute. The shreds into which the gutta percha is thus torn fall into vats of cold water, and the gutta percha, being non-absorbent, floats on the top, whilst the various impurities sink to the bottom.

It is now subjected to another process, which is facetiously termed "kneading"—a term, however, which will give our housewives an accurate idea of the nature of the process. The "kneaders" are thick, strong iron boxes, about three feet long and a foot and a half deep, and are kept hot by being enveloped in a chest, or jacket, containing steam. Inside these boxes the mass of gutta percha, hot from the boiling tank, is firmly secured. The chest contains a drum, which, continually revolving, presses the doughy gutta percha without intermission against the sides of the chest. But we fear it is almost impossible clearly to describe the minutiae of the process of manufacture, without indulging in illustrations to an extent which our limits will by no means permit. At this stage it is easy to incorporate gutta percha with other substances; as, for instance, when it is desired to remove, to some extent, its rigidity and tenacity, and to secure a greater degree of elasticity, that object is effected by the admixture of india-rubber. This principle is already carried out to an astonishing extent; and what the ultimate achievements in this direction may be, time alone can tell.

It is now rolled out into sheets, or driven by curious and complicated machinery into tubes. It is also cut into longitudinal slips, for "driving bands," etc., which appear to be very useful; so much so, indeed, that we were shown a testimonial from an eminent brewing establishment, stating that their introduction had effected in respect to that single item of expense alone an annual saving of 30%.*

* We were told that some object to the use of gutta percha "driving-bands," from the difficulty experienced in joining them; but the following instructions will remove all obstacles in this direction. Cut the ends of the band obliquely at an

Perhaps the most curious application of gutta percha is that which we shall now attempt to describe. A portion of the machinery being pointed out to us, in connection with the numerous lathes in operation in various parts of the building, we were obligingly asked to notice anything peculiar which might strike us in two of the wheels above us. The fact was, that the portion of the machinery alluded to worked without any noise whatever; the cause of which was this:—The teeth of one wheel were of gutta percha, while those of the other, which worked in them, were constructed in the ordinary way of iron, thus avoiding the disagreeable noise necessarily caused by friction in such cases. This was certainly a very agreeable change for the better, and would save amateurs fond of mingling with the complicated operations of machinery many a headache, even if it had no alleviating influence on those who were daily accustomed to it. On expressing a doubt as to the durability of the thing, we were assured that the wheel in question had been in daily use for fifteen months, turning five lathes, without receiving any perceptible damage. It required no oil, but was slightly greased; and our conductor admitted that the results of this curious and interesting experiment had exceeded the most sanguine expectations. So far as the noise was concerned, it presented to us a most agreeable contrast with a similar pair of wheels a few yards off; and we therefore commend the hint to our manufacturing friends.

There is an old adage—not to be despised, however, on account of its antiquity—which was constantly recurring to us while inspecting various departments of this concentration of marvels—"Necessity is the mother of invention." The large wicker baskets in which gutta percha, in its earlier stages, is carried about from one portion of the machinery to another, had slips of gutta percha fastened round the handles. It had been put on while in a plastic state, and was therefore moulded to the exact shape required by the hand of the party who was to use it; and being solidified by the application of cold water, it had permanently retained the requisite form. Now it is sufficiently obvious, that to any one who has to carry these large baskets full of weighty articles, it must be considerably more agreeable to the hand to be in contact with a soft cool material like gutta percha, than the uneven and comparatively hard substance presented in the original wicker handle. The same principle was applied in all parts of the building. Most of the knives had a thin coating

angle of thirty or forty degrees, making the band rather shorter than the length required. Secure one end to a board or bench by a clamp, or a couple of nails. Having heated a piece of iron—say one inch broad and half an inch thick—to the temperature of a laundress's smoothing iron, so that it will soften the gutta percha without burning or discolouring it, place the iron between the cut edges of the band, pressing them against it, and keeping the band always in a straight direction until the edges are thoroughly softened, and in a sticky state. Then remove the iron, and press the two edges together as closely as possible, after which a couple of nails may be driven into the loose end of the band, by a heavy weight, or by means of a clamp, so as to make a smooth joint. A band of ordinary thickness may thus be rendered fit for use in ten or fifteen minutes, or even sooner, by the application of cold water. Flat joints may be made in like manner by shaving down the ends a little, so as, when laid one on the other, not to be much thicker than the other portion. Heat the surface of the splices, and press them together by a weight or clamp. Avoid heating the band throughout, and pare the edges when cold.

of gutta percha on the handles, which we were assured by the workmen made an agreeably perceptible difference to their hands in the course of a day's work. We also saw brushes, similar to those used by bookbinders and others, which had a casing of gutta percha around the twine with which the bristles are fastened on; thus rendering them twice as durable, seeing that the gutta percha is impervious to the wet; while any artisan who has used a brush much exposed to the water well knows how speedily it is "used up." Let them take this hint: warm a small piece of gutta percha in boiling water, and while in a plastic state squeeze it with the hand round the twine which binds the bristles, until cold, and it is at once ready for use. Some knife blades had become loose and fallen out; they were placed in with gutta percha, and when solidified by cold water, such are its contracting properties, that they were as tight, if not perhaps more so, than in their original state. This, too, is a suggestion which will be very useful to operatives; for only a small modicum of ingenuity is requisite to apply the principle *ad infinitum*. We may add, also, that while the gutta percha, as thus applied to tools, is in a plastic state, you may mark them with your initials, etc., by the use of any sharp-pointed iron instrument, and thus be enabled to "know your own." We must leave the ingenious mechanic to draw on his imagination for other applications of this sort, as space positively forbids further detail.

The acoustic properties of gutta percha are truly marvellous. As a conductor of sound, it stands unrivalled. We found tubes in use all over the factory for the purpose of distant communication. Its application in churches and chapels has been well tested. A very beautiful "sound-receiver" may be placed either inside or in front of the pulpit. From this a "main" pipe or tube is "laid on" in the middle aisle, from which branches are conducted to pews occupied by deaf persons. The only portion that appears at all in sight is a small and elegant branch which reaches to the ear. By this means—as scores of the afflicted ones can joyfully testify—a deaf person can hear as well in one part of the church or chapel as another; and those now can hear distinctly who before could not even when close to the minister. The deaf gentleman can now sit in his own family pew in comfort, instead of being compelled to take up his uncomfortable location in some crowded spot near the pulpit, or, perhaps, even on the very stairs thereof. One church was named in which a single pew contained eight deaf persons, all now able to hear the preacher—a sight which must gladden the heart of every philanthropist, and indeed of every beholder. A mistress also may have a tube from her bed-room to that of her servant, and call her at once. This is valuable, as some domestics appear to experience considerable difficulty in hearing a bell, especially if it should ring somewhat too early in the morning for their tastes and inclinations. Tubes may also communicate with the parlour and the kitchen. It would certainly be a great boon to servants to be told what is wanted in this way, instead of their having to run up-stairs, and then have to go down again, only perhaps to bring up some article which they may have had in their hands when the bell rung. Where gutta percha

is "laid on" in the residence of a medical man, you ring the "night bell," and apply your ear to the mouthpiece of the gutta percha tube. He is in bed, and keeps there; putting his mouth to the other end, the dialogue goes on:—

Medical Man.—Who's there? (Here he puts his ear to his end of the tube for a reply.)

Servant Girl (putting her mouth to the end of the tube at the street-door).—"Please, sir, Mrs. Smith is very bad."

Med.—"What's the matter with her?"

S. G.—"Please, sir, she's worse."

Med.—"Did she take the draught I left?"

S. G.—"No, sir."

Med.—"Then tell her she must take it directly; and if she is no better in half an hour, come to me again, and I will soon be with her."

S. G.—"Very good, sir; I'll tell her what you say."

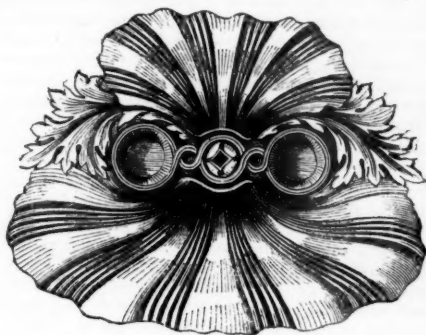
Thus the medical man just turns himself round in the bed, and without even taking his night-cap off, in many cases says all that is necessary. It is sufficiently obvious that this is an immense advantage over the old plan of getting out of bed in a cold wintry night, when just in that comfortable state known as the "first sleep," and thrusting half one's body out of the window into the frosty night; all, perhaps, that comes of it being just such a conversation as we have given above. The only comment we can make is, that it is most surprising that any medical man should know of this tubing and not avail himself of the unspeakable advantages it affords.

At a certain stage of manufacture, gutta percha may be incorporated with other substances so as to give it colours and other properties not naturally appertaining to it. The first application of this principle that we witnessed was shown in some very beautifully variegated shot-pouches. The gutta percha, being a non-absorbent, "keeps the powder dry" far better than leather. We commend this hint to our reflecting military readers, and pass on. It appears that the admixture of some substances slightly extends and improves the properties of gutta percha; but, for most practical purposes, the article in its pure and natural state is preferable, especially in point of strength. The variegated gutta percha is prepared by placing layers of the different colours required one over the other, like so many strata (as confectioners make the variegated sweet-stuff), the whole then being rolled together and kneaded in warm water. Some beautiful tints procured by these means were shown us, one of which—a dark rose-wood—particularly attracted our attention.

In the ornamental department, the exquisitely beautiful productions are too varied and multifarious to be fully detailed; they included ink-stands in ten or a dozen useful and ornamental varieties, bowls, drinking-cups, picture-frames and looking-glass frames, ornamental mouldings, jars, soap-dishes, vases of various styles, curtain and cornice rings, which are noiseless, and therefore a great boon to nervous invalids; card, fruit, pin, pen, tooth-brush, and shaving-brush trays; flower-stands, watch-stands, shells, and lighter stands; medallions, brackets, cornices, and an endless variety of mouldings in imitation of carved oak, rosewood, etc., for the decoration of rooms and cabinet-work. Time will develop this department to an indefinite extent. We present a few random specimens.



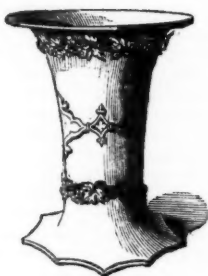
INKSTAND, SHELL PATTERN.



GRECIAN INKSTAND.



VASE.



LIGHTER STAND.



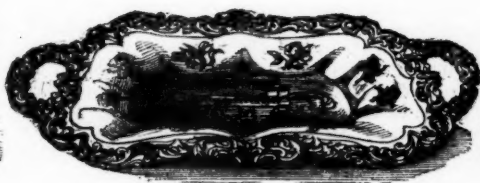
VASE.



FANCY BASKET.



ROUND CARD-TRAY, WITH HANDLE.



BISCUIT TRAY.



The surgical uses of gutta percha are almost equally varied. With regard to splints, an experienced surgeon says:—"I hereby certify that I have, during a stay of six weeks in Calcutta, in several cases used gutta percha for splints, and did not find it in any way affected by the temperature, which was, on an average, from ninety-two to ninety-seven degrees." Thus much for its heat-bearing qualities. It is also used in thin sheets for bandages, while stethoscopes are constructed of it, and several other surgical articles.

Its domestic uses are still more diversified. Cisterns may be lined with it. It makes capital clothes-lines; for, being impervious to the wet, they are not liable to rot by being left out in the rain till "the day after the washing" by some careless or indolent domestic; besides, when broken, they are easily mended. Damp floors may be carpeted with it, damp walls may be papered with it, and bonnets may be lined with it. Sponge-bags and foot-pans may also be made of it; while a balsam may be prepared for cuts and chilblains, by dissolving it in chloroform.

In its application to chemical purposes it manifests many unique properties. Its non-affection by hydrofluoric or acetic acids, bleaching liquids, or by caustic alkalis, renders it available in a vast variety of cases, and it is now extensively used in many chemical manufactories.

We may add, that in steam-vessels and ships gutta percha tubing is invaluable, as by it the merest whisper is rendered perfectly audible between the "man at the helm" and the captain in the cabin, or between either or both of them and the man on the "look-out" "for'rd," and the hands aloft. The damage to vessels and loss of life which might have been spared, and may still be spared, by the substitution of this certain mode of intercommunication for the present uncertain one, by which a mistaken order leads to damage and perhaps to fatal results, no tongue can tell. In case of a "man overboard," a gutta percha rope will float, instead of sinking as the ordinary ropes do, and thus multiply the chances of safety to the sufferer. Many other articles of great utility on ship-board are also constructed of gutta percha, which, especially to emigrants and those unused to life at sea, will prove particularly valuable. One advantage is, that if you do break a gutta percha article—not a very likely occurrence, by the way—there is little loss, since you can sole your shoes with a broken bucket, for instance, and then put the rest of your gutta percha articles into a state of thorough repair by softening the little odd bits which are left.

A very excellent and permanent source of amusement for children on a voyage, and indeed for all children everywhere, particularly during the long winter evenings, is provided by gutta percha in various colours, which is sold for amateur modelling, with which the children may make fantastic figures, take casts, and amuse themselves with this plastic and beautiful substance in a thousand ways which will readily suggest themselves. Children may make gutta percha horses, dogs, houses, and other toys, and they will not be liable to breakage. Moreover, if Johnny does break his horse, all you have to do, if it is past mending, is to soften it in boiling water, and sole his boots with it, or

mend your gutta percha baskets, bowls, or foot-pans.

The alleged disagreeable smell of this article is frequently adduced as an objection to its use; but, in the matter of soles, we are assured that it arises from the bad naphtha which is employed in the preparation of the solution that is often sold with them, and not from the gutta percha itself; and this we readily believe, for, although our olfactory nerves are keen, the odour was but slightly perceptible in the vast factory, although several tons were in course of manufacture during our visit.*

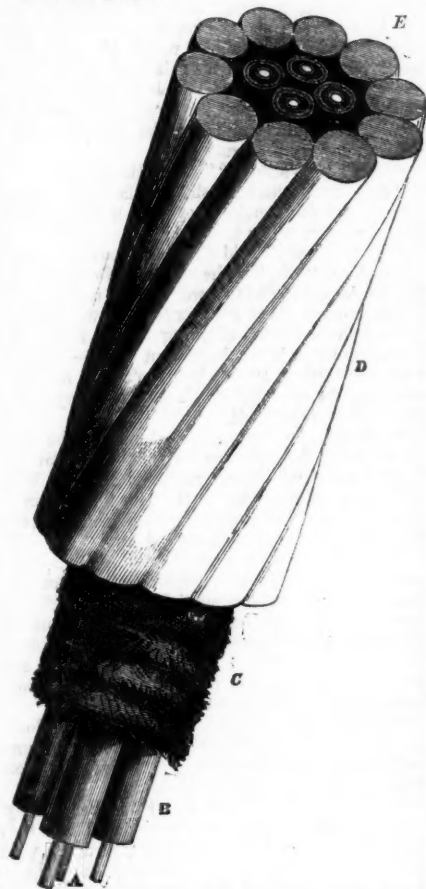
As a sanitary agent, in the conveyance of water, gutta percha tubes are highly valuable. Our readers will remember the dangerous position of the late Louis Philippe and family while at Claremont, from the water being impregnated with the lead of the pipes in which it was conveyed. We were shown some sections of lead pipe from the Isle of Wight, in which the water in two years had eaten holes a quarter of an inch deep! The consequences to the health of the persons drinking such water it is truly frightful to contemplate. These pipes have been taken up, and gutta percha tubes substituted in many instances. In no case should water be kept or conveyed in metallic pipes or cisterns. Gutta percha is at least twice as durable, and far more easily applied.

The latest application of gutta percha is in the shape of little shoes for sheep, to prevent the "dry rot," which, singular to say, is caught by the feet being much in the wet! These shoes being of the exact shape of the sheep's foot, are placed on, and the thin upper edge is tied on with a piece of twine, or fastened to the foot by being moistened with warm water. The "anti-dry-rot powder," which is placed in the shoe, as we are informed, removes the disease; and the use of these curious little novelties is an excellent preventive against it.

In drawing our remarks to a close, we are reluctantly compelled to omit much interesting matter; and must content ourselves with the most

* Should any difficulty be experienced in this matter, let shoes or boots be soled in the following manner without the solution.—Rough the sole, then hold it to the fire, and while warm rub into it with a heated iron or poker (in the same manner as you would make a pitch plaster) some thin parings of gutta percha, which will melt without burning if the instrument be not too hot. Having covered the leather sole in this manner, warm both it and the gutta percha sole until they are sticky, in the usual way, and bring them together as before directed. Many persons adopt this method in preference to any other. As the frosty weather approaches, it may be useful to state that gutta percha soles may have their slippery tendencies removed by being warmed a little before the fire, and then pressed upon some smooth surface sprinkled with sand or rough emery powder. In putting on these soles, in addition to the above directions, we would recommend that a number of little holes be made in the old sole of the shoe, or in the surface presented when the gutta percha sole is pined on the welt: these holes will be filled up by the plastic portions of the gutta percha sole, when applied, and an astonishing degree of firmness may thus be secured. A tool for this purpose may easily be made out of an old file, giving it two or three short teeth, like a small section of a saw. In preparing a new sole, cut all the "grain" off the sole, rasp it well over, and brush the dust off carefully, before you pierce the holes above alluded to. Having made the holes, lay on a thin coat of solution; let it dry, and then apply another coat, and when that is dry, if the gutta percha sole to be applied is a stout one, soften it in boiling water, having taken it out, dry it well with a cloth, hold it and the shoe sole to the fire for a few minutes, till they are sticky; be careful, however, not to blister the sole; then apply it to the shoe, and press it well over: the softened surface of the gutta percha sole will enter the holes and effectually prevent its coming off. We hope the above directions will be found sufficiently explicit to prevent any failure for the future.

marvellous of all the marvels which even this concentration of curiosities could present—the Submarine Telegraph.



The above is a very accurate representation of a section of the Submarine Telegraph, which has now been in operation for rather more than a year between England and France.*

It must be obvious to all acquainted with the properties and tendencies of the electric fluid, that the insulation of the telegraphic wires is a very delicate process, requiring the greatest care, and gutta percha of the purest quality; for the slightest particle of any conducting substance, such as wood, for instance, in any part of the gutta percha cover-

* It will be seen that it consists, in the first instance, of the four copper wires, the ends of which are shown at A. These wires, by a curious process, are covered, or "insulated," as it is technically termed, with a double coating of gutta percha; this is done to prevent imperfections, as it is scarcely probable that both coatings should be imperfect at one and the same precise point. Being placed in the manner displayed in the cut, these wires receive a wrapper of yarn which is saturated with tar, C, which allows plenty of "play," as it is called, when subjected to severe strainings, and it also serves to protect them from the friction of the exterior coating of galvanized wires, D, which are ten in number. At E is seen the appearance of the whole when cut straight through.

ing, would permit the escape of the electricity, and render the whole contrivance entirely useless. The Gutta Percha Company have discovered a process, of a highly ingenious character, by which gutta percha undergoes this wondrous perfection of purification, but of course it is kept a profound secret. As it would never do to lay down the wires, or even to encase them with their outer covering, while any uncertainty as to the perfection of the communication remained, they are all tested previous to leaving the works. On the occasion of our visit, some fifty miles of wire were submerged in the canal adjoining the factory; one end of the wire was put in communication with a powerful galvanic battery, by S. Statham, esq., the managing director, and the other end was placed close to a wire which had a communication with the earth. At the given signal, the electric fluid flashed down the line, round the fifty miles of coiled "insulated" wire in the canal, and in less than the twinkling of an eye flashed out in a spark at the other end communicating with the wire having an earth-connection. This experiment was repeated several times. The wires were for a submarine telegraph between Portpatrick and Dornaghadee. Others are in course of preparation to connect Harwich and Ostend, as well as to unite England and Holland from some points not yet determined on. To show the strength of the Submarine Telegraph, as thus constructed, we may state, that the one laid down between Dover and Calais has twice been caught by the anchors of ships passing down the Channel; but, in both cases, after "heaving" for a considerable time, the cable of the ship had to be "cut away," and the anchors were left in company with the submarine cable. The communication was not impaired in the slightest degree.

As our object has been to show the vast diversity of uses to which gutta percha may be applied, we can hardly do better than conclude with the following poetic summary of them, written by a visitor who had preceded us:—

1. My parent died, when I leap'd from her side,
To fill mankind with wonder;
2. And now I abound in the wide world around,
The green-sward above and under.
3. I hold the flower in the sunny bower;
4. I shelter the dead in their graves;
5. I circle the hair of the maiden fair;
6. And bid defiance to knaves.
7. The miser his gold often gives me to hold;
8. I aid to extinguish the fire.
9. I'm chased o'er the green, where the schoolboy is seen;
10. I wait at the toper's desire.
11. I ride on the wave, the sailor to save,
When he shrieketh aloud in despair;
12. I whirl the machine, whose arms, dimly seen,
Hiss as they fly through the air.
13. I've been tried, and am cast with felons at last;
14. I'm balm to the wounded and torn;
15. I rival the oak; (16) the tell-tale I cloak;
17. I'm fashioned as high and low born.
18. I constantly mind the sightless blind;
19. Many garments my long arms bear;
20. By the sick man's bed; (21) by the ship's mast-head—
In various forms I am there.
22. Deep in the earth, though unseen is my worth,
I faithfully serve mankind;
23. I bear the whisper of the softest lipser;
24. And hold that which traceth the mind!
25. When the emigrant lands on far-off strands,
Perchance he treadeth on me;

26. On the rich man's table, (27) in the horses' stable,
My forms you may frequently see!
Now I challenge your mind my secret to find,
28. Though I travel along by your bed;
29. I come from the south; (30) I may dwell in your
mouth;
31. Or may rest on the top of your head!*

When we took leave of the factory, which we did with a grateful sense of the facilities that had been afforded to us, we found, to our utter astonishment, that, instead of the single hour we meant to have occupied, we had been three hours and a half engaged in our survey. Having thus introduced this wondrous article to the attention of our readers, and indicated the general principles sufficiently to enable them to make multifarious applications of it without difficulty, we leave the matter in their hands; and if they have felt a tithe of the interest in perusing our remarks that we experienced in our visit, and in subsequently jotting down these observations, they will be abundantly repaid by the amusement and instruction thus afforded them.†

WAS IT ALL LUCK?

BEFORE a single sleeper on the Eastern Counties railroad was laid down; before even that line of road was marked out on a map; at the time when stage-coaching was at the summit of prosperity, and omnibuses had not encroached upon the privileges of those pleasant conveyances which were "licensed to carry sixteen passengers, four inside and twelve out," so few, comparatively, of which remain to the present day—my story takes date.

One Saturday afternoon, Mark Anderson, a youth of about eighteen or nineteen, and a subordinate clerk in some inferior government office, emerging from Threadneedle-street, and hurrying on to the Four Swans inn-yard, mounted the box, and seated himself beside the driver of one of the numerous coaches which, in those days, plied between the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate-street and the suburban villages on the Cambridge and other roads branching outwards from Shoreditch. Though the time was summer, the day was drizzly and cheerless; and the young man seemed somewhat impatient of a slight delay to which the coachman was subjecting his passengers.

* The following explanation may serve to illustrate the above.—(1) Refers to the gutta percha trees; they are tapped, and the article, which is then a milky juice, exudes. (2) It is used both above and under ground. (3) Gutta percha flower-pots. (4) Lining for coffins. (5) Bonnet caps. (6) Policemen's staves. (7) Money-bowls. (8) Water-buckets and engine-pipes. (9) Cricket-balls. (10) Mugs. (11) Life-buoys. (12) Machine driving-belt. (13) Indestructible vessels for the use of prisoners. (14) Balsam for slight wounds, instead of sticking-plaster. (15) Ornamental mouldings. (16) Coating of the telegraph wires. (17) Medallions and casts of celebrated and notorious persons. (18) Cord for window-blinds. (19) Clothes-lines. (20) Utensils for sleeping apartments. (21) Cordage and speaking-tubes. (22) Pipes for drainage, etc. (23) Acoustic tubes. (24) Inkstands. (25) Soles. (26) Ornamental dishes. (27) Buckets and harness. (28) Noiseless curtain-rings. (29) From Singapore, etc. (30) For filling decayed teeth. (31) "Sou'-wester" hat.

† We may add, in conclusion, that, with the view of promoting the frugality and comfort of the men employed in the gutta percha works, a savings-bank has recently been established amongst them. At the time of paying the wages every Friday, such men as desire to leave a shilling or upwards as a deposit are at liberty to do so, upon which interest is allowed. Although this entails some amount of labour in keeping the books, the trouble is cheerfully undertaken by one of the principals. A large number of the men and boys have now begun to put by a little for "a rainy day."

"I thought your time was half-past four," said Mark, and pointed to the clock on the opposite side of the street; "you are nearly ten minutes behind."

"Just going to start," said the coachman; but still he lingered; and the youth having vented his reproof, tied a handkerchief round his neck, buttoned his frock-coat to his chin, and drew up the box apron over his knees; each of which precautions was very prudent, for though an honest big drop of real rain was not to be seen, the misty drizzle was very penetrating.

"Going to Waltham?" asked the driver.

"No; to Enfield Wash," replied the young man; "and far enough too, such a day as this. When are you going to move?"

"In a minute," said the man, looking round, and adding, "Oh, here he comes. Now then, sir, if you please." The last words were addressed to a middle-aged stout gentleman, well wrapped up in a great-coat, who, climbing to the top of the coach, observed in an indifferent tone:—"I have kept you waiting, Davis; but can't help it: business must be attended to. You must step out a little quicker, that's all."

"All right, sir," said the coachman, as the vehicle rattled off from the gateway of the Four Swans. "Not quite right, I say," muttered Mark to himself, "to keep us sitting in the rain for his convenience." But his grumbling was inaudible, and the cloud on his face soon cleared up.

The elder traveller seemed destined, that afternoon, to disturb Mark's complacency. Before the coach was off "the stones" he had unfurled a large umbrella, and held it over his head, much to his own comfort, no doubt, but to the discomfort of the youth, just behind whom he was seated, and down whose back the droppings from the umbrella began to trickle in a cold stream.

"Could you be so kind, sir," said the youth, looking round at his tormentor, "as to hold your umbrella a little more backward? It gives me more than my share of moisture, I think."

"Can't help it," said the senior traveller, gruffly. "My umbrella isn't in your way, that I can see; and if I hold it at a different angle, I shall get wet; and I don't mean to get wet if I can help it. Every one for himself, that's my motto, such a day as this."

"Very good, sir," said the young man, good-humouredly; "I only mentioned it, and did not mean to offend you. I am sorry if I have."

"No offence, young man," replied the other; "but you are wrong about the umbrella."

"I dare say you are right, sir," said Mark. "These Scotch mists get into one before you know where you are."

Scotch or English, the mist gradually thickened; and by the time the coach reached Tottenham, it mattered little to Mark Anderson that he had not been spared the umbrella droppings. He was almost wet through on all sides. But he bore the inconvenience with a good-humour that seemed imperturbable. Presently the coach stopped, and Mark got down while the horses were being changed.

"Hallo, Davis! I say, Davis, is that you smoking?" angrily shouted the elder traveller from under cover of his umbrella, some little while after the coach was again in motion.

"No sir, *I* am though," returned the youth. "Trying your plan, sir—taking care of myself."

"And annoying your neighbours," grumbled the gentleman; "that isn't my plan, my young friend."

Mark had it on his lips to say that he somewhat doubted that assertion; but he did not say it. Instead of that, "If my cigar is disagreeable to you, sir," said he, "I'll leave off directly."

"No, no; go on, by all means," said the gentleman, somewhat testily; "every one for himself; but it's a nasty habit, that smoking; and it cannot be very agreeable to anybody to be stifled with tobacco reek, I should think. It isn't to me, I know, so I'll just shift my seat, if you'll draw up for a minute, Davis."

"No need for that, sir," replied Mark, quietly. "I've done, sir, and I beg your pardon for having annoyed you. I did not intend to do it:" and, as he spoke, he threw the half-unconsumed cigar on to the road.

Mark's fellow-traveller looked half vexed and half pleased. "I did not wish you to do *that*," he said, in a tone very different from that in which he had before spoken. I am obliged to you, though, for, to tell the truth, I very much dislike the smell of tobacco. But you should have saved your cigar; it seems a pity to cast away what costs good money."

"It's of no consequence, sir," returned Mark; "I dare say you are right about smoking; 'tis only a habit."

"A *bad* habit," said the gentleman, very decidedly. "I should say a *very* bad habit for a young man like you. But it is nothing to me," he added, in his former misanthropical tone; "every one for himself."

"That seems rather a favourite motto of yours, sir," said the youth, respectfully but manfully; "but I think there is a better one than that to go by."

"Eh! what do you mean? what's that?"

"'Every one for his neighbour,' sir," replied Mark.

"Ay, ay! and who is my neighbour? Yes, yes, I know the answer to *that*. 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' and so on. You are right, young man; and it is the best motto to act upon, as you say. But I shouldn't expect it, though, from a young cigar-smoker."

"I don't know why you should not, sir," replied Mark, still good-humouredly. "A cigar-smoker, even a young one, may be courteous, I hope, sir."

"So it seems. And I thank you, my young friend, for your readiness to oblige me by putting out your cigar. You should *not* have thrown it away, though. You'll never get rich at that rate. I shouldn't be now if I had smoked cigars fifty years ago. But there were none then to smoke, I think; at least I never saw any: so much the better for me."

And there the conversation ended; but it was very observable that during the latter part of it the umbrella was gradually edged away from Mark's back. Presently the coach drew up at the iron gateway of a large and somewhat aristocratic-looking mansion, and the elder traveller alighted.

"You know that gentleman, I suppose?" said Mark to the coachman, when the coach was once more in motion.

"Yes; Mr. Cameron his name is. He goes up and comes down two or three times a week. That's his country house. He is rich as a Jew, they say, and does a large business in the City. I thought you would come in for it for smoking, sir. He can't bear it. He gave up the Edmonton Highflyer because the coachman would have his cigar."

In due time our young friend reached the neat little cottage of his widowed mother in safety, and received a gentle scolding for being so thoughtless as to leave his umbrella behind him at his Camberwell lodgings in the morning.

Now, the coach-top scene and conversation which we have attempted to describe may seem very trivial; but our readers will understand that it led to results which were not so. And we may observe, in passing, that really trivial events in life rarely or never occur. We may not, in every case, perhaps not in many cases, be able to trace the connection between the events of to-day and those of yesterday, much less of those which took place years ago; but the connection exists, nevertheless. And this fact alone should teach every traveller through life to look well to his goings and his doings. It should do something more than this, we think; but we will not moralize here.

It sometimes happens that two persons—strangers to each other—having once casually met, under circumstances, for instance, like those we have related, seem afterwards to cross each other's path with something like design, though the second rencontre and all succeeding ones shall be as accidental as the first. Not many evenings after that of which we have spoken, Mr. Cameron, passing over London-bridge, was caught in a sudden shower. It was very vexatious, for, by some extraordinary neglect, he had left behind him, at his counting-house, his almost inseparable companion, his umbrella; and inwardly fretting at his carelessness, or his overcredulous faith in a blue sky, he hastened on towards the Southwark side of the river to seek shelter. Before he could reach it, however, the shower became a torrent, and in another minute or two Mr. Cameron would have been drenched, but for the abrupt but timely offer of the very thing that he then most needed. The offer was made by a young man whom in his haste Mr. Cameron had nearly run down.

"Ha, my young cigar merchant!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, who, at a glance, recognised his former fellow-traveller; "'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' they say. I beg your pardon for running against you; but you see I am likely to get wet."

"Yes, sir; and so if you will oblige me by making use of my umbrella——"

"To be sure I will. I am making use of it already, you see. But two can walk under it: I'll take your arm, if you please. 'Tisn't everybody I would walk under the same umbrella with, though. There—you needn't walk so far off; I can trust you, eh? And every one for himself, you know—and his neighbour as well. To be sure. By the way, where's your cigar, my young friend? You were smoking, I think, a minute ago, before I overtook you."

"Yes, sir, I was certainly; but you don't like it, and I couldn't think of offering you the shelter of my umbrella with a cigar in my mouth, so——"

"So you canted it into the Thames, I suppose. A foolish trick that, my young friend. By the way, what's your name?"

"Mark Anderson, sir, at your service."

"My service to you, Mr. Mark Anderson—a good name, by the way; north country, like mine, though you be a cockney. *My* name is Cameron: Watling-street knows me, I think. And what may be Mr. Mark Anderson's profession?"

"An inquisitive old gentleman," thought Mark to himself; "but there's no reason why he shouldn't know what I am;" and forthwith, with the frankness of a youth who has nothing to conceal, he answered *that* question.

The rain did not seem likely to cease, and the pavements were getting cleared rapidly. Our two friends, however, walked on together for some little time in silence.

"Which way are you going, and how far?" asked Mr. Cameron, abruptly, as he and Mark arrived at the end of the bridge.

"My lodgings are at Camberwell, sir, and I am going there."

"Ah! then we must part here. I was afraid of that. Our roads are different, young man. Mine lies down yonder"—he pointed as he spoke towards Tooley-street. So I must get on as well as I can, thanking you for your shelter while I have had it. There! I won't keep you any longer in the wet; every one for himself, you know."

"And his neighbour too, sir. It won't make much difference to me, and if you will allow me to walk with you as far as you are going; or, if you like to take my umbrella, sir, you are quite welcome to it."

"You are a fine young fellow, Mr. Mark Anderson," said Mr. Cameron, turning abruptly upon his companion. "A thousand pities you smoke. Well, sir, I'll accept your offer. It isn't above half a mile that I am going, and you shall have the pleasure of putting your motto into practice."

Mark was right enough in judging his companion to be "an inquisitive old gentleman." He was, in fact, *very* inquisitive. But Mark did not mind it; and before they parted that evening, Mr. Cameron had learned a good deal of the young man's previous history—who and what his father had been, where his mother lived, what her resources were, how many sisters he had, what they did to support themselves, and what his own prospects were. And as Mark shook hands with Mr. Cameron at parting, he received at the same time a friendly invitation, and a suggestion, couched in some such language as this:—

"Young man, I owe you something for your politeness, and also for being so rough to you the other afternoon on the coach —"

"Don't mention it, sir," Mark began to say.

"Yes, but I must mention it, though; I was in a bad humour that day. I had lost a good bit of money, or thought I had; but that's no excuse. Well, you must get down at my house next time we ride together, and take a chop with me, eh? And you can walk on to Enfield Wash afterwards. What do you say?"

Mark thanked the gentleman.

"And cheer up, my lad. You don't think your prospects very promising, I can see. Ah! but you don't know. Who can tell what a day may bring

forth? Not you, nor I. Fifty years ago, young man, I left Scotland on foot, with about ten shillings in my pocket, and not a friend north of the Tweed that I knew anything of. And here I am now, worth more than ten shillings and four-pence I think. But I didn't smoke cigars, young man. And I say, Mr. Anderson, 'tis a thousand pities you smoke. I wouldn't, if I were you."

Our narrative, however, must now take a leap over a long range of years. Twenty summers and winters have passed since that rainy day on London-bridge, bringing with them their chequered range of joys and sorrows, successes and reverses. The scene now shifts to a commercial room in the Eagle and Crown, at a market town some fifty miles from the metropolis. There sat a party of commercial travellers at supper, discussing, while they did justice to the good fare, as is their wont, the credit and resources of various houses in the different lines of business with which they were connected.

"What a lucky fellow, by the way," said one of the party, after the merits of a great Manchester warehouseman had been canvassed, "that Mark Anderson has been all his life!"

"A very lucky fellow!" rejoined another; and a third re-echoed the remark.

"Do you think so, gentlemen?" asked a fourth—an elderly man, who had hitherto borne no part in the rather 'free and easy' converse of that evening.

"There can't be a doubt of it, Mr. W., I should think," replied the first speaker.

"Not a doubt of it," said the second likewise; "it was all luck, depend upon it."

"He began with nothing—nothing to speak of," continued the former; "but old Cameron took a fancy to him; and now, you see, the old gentleman retires from the firm, and leaves Mark Anderson at the head of it."

"And," rejoined the third *commercial*, "it all began, as I have been told, by young Anderson happening to have an umbrella, and saving Mr. Cameron from getting a wetting one evening. A lucky thing that. I think I shall take to carrying an umbrella, fine days as well as wet ones."

"That wasn't quite all, I believe," responded number one; "he came over the old gent. by chiming in with his humours and finding out the length of his foot. A clever fellow Mr. Anderson is, I fancy. But there was a bit of sneaking about him. That and good luck did it all."

"Ah! I have heard that Cameron cottoned to the young fellow at first, because of his name. It has a Scotch sort of sound, you know; and Anderson's father, or grandfather, *was* a Scotchman. So it was 'Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,' you know. A lucky thing to have a fine-sounding name, sometimes. Poor Jack Smith might have told *his* name fifty times, and nobody would have thought anything about it."

"A lucky thing of Mr. Anderson to leave off smoking as he did. He took his cue there famously. That was what nailed old Mr. Cameron, I suspect. A lucky thought that!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. W., when there was a slight break in the conversation, "you have had your say about Mr. Anderson, and you all seem to know something, more or less, of his history; but you will excuse me for thinking you are wrong in

ascribing his prosperity to what you call luck. There is more in it than that, I think."

"Of course, Mr. W.," replied one of the former speakers, "we don't mean that Mr. Anderson isn't clever and shrewd, and all that sort of thing that helps a man on in the world; it was his first start, mind you, that we said was so lucky."

"Mr. W. does not believe in luck, perhaps," observed another of the company.

"No, I don't," said Mr. W. "Luck is a heathenish word, and the idea it generally conveys is a heathenish idea. But we need not dispute about words. What I mean is that Mr. Anderson's 'first start,' as you call it, was owing to something with which *luck* had nothing to do."

"You know Mr. Anderson, perhaps?"

"Yes, rather intimately; and I'll tell you what I know of his rise in the world, if you like. A few words will do it."

"By all means, Mr. W.," said one of the other speakers.

"In the first place, then, what first attracted Mr. Cameron's notice in young Anderson, was his good temper and readiness to oblige a stranger who had behaved to him both crustily and selfishly. Their first meeting was on the top of a stage coach—"

"Yes, I have heard of that."

"Well, then, you will admit that had Anderson given his fellow-passenger 'as good as he sent,' to use a common expression, their acquaintance would probably have ended where it began. So I should say that *good temper*, rather than *luck*, was the first step towards Mr. Anderson's prosperity."

"There's something in that, to be sure, Mr. W."

"Then there was a degree of kindness, somewhat self-denying, in the offer of the umbrella when Cameron and Anderson came in each other's way the second time. It is not every young man would have gone out of his way to oblige even a common acquaintance; and not many, perhaps, would have thought of offering the shelter of an umbrella to such a crusty old fellow as Mr. Cameron had seemed to be. Some, I fancy, would have chuckled over the old gentleman's evident distress, and said it served him right. But the young man had a way of his own, and a principle of his own too; that principle was, 'Every man for his neighbour,' and he acted upon it. So, instead of *luck*, we may set down thoughtfulness and disinterested kindness, and I may say *Christian* kindness—for 'Every man for his neighbour' is a Christian motto—as another step."

"Very true, Mr. W., so far."

"Then again, Mr. Cameron was pleased with the young man's conversation, and in consequence of that invited him to his house. Here was another step, with which *luck* had nothing to do. In the course of further acquaintance, Mr. Cameron discovered that his young *protégé*, as I may call him, was a good son, and—*notwithstanding* an unfortunate *penchant* for cigars—did a good deal, with very limited means, for the comfort of a widowed mother. *Luck* had nothing to do with that, I think."

"Nothing, certainly, Mr. W."

"Well, to go on with my—"

"Lecture," suggested one of the gentlemen of the commercial room, with a wink to the rest.

"Yes," continued Mr. W.; "to go on with my lecture—there was the leaving off smoking, which Mr. C. calls a lucky thought. Now, I can tell you how that came about. One day, after Mr. Cameron and young Anderson had become pretty familiar, as they were riding together on the same coach where they had first met, I believe the old gentleman began to attack the young fellow about his nasty habit, as he called it, and asked him what he would do if he should get a wife who didn't like it?"

"Leave it off, directly," said Anderson.

"You wouldn't be able," said Mr. Cameron.

"I think I should," replied the other; "and to prove it, sir, I won't smoke again for the next three months."

"Well, gentlemen, young Anderson kept his word; and before the time was gone by, he happened to fall in with a poor scholar—a German—half starved, and learnt his history, which was a very sad one. To have the means of relieving him, Anderson made up his mind that he wouldn't spend any more money on cigars; and in gratitude for the unexpected kindness and liberality of the young clerk, the poor student offered to teach him the German language. Now, it might have been what you call a lucky thought; but I should rather call it a generous one, that led Mr. Anderson to give up smoking."

"I think it was, certainly, Mr. W.," responded Mr. C., the gentleman addressed. "You are right, sir."

"Well, Anderson was a sharp, energetic fellow when he took anything in hand; and in a year or two he was master of the language; though what good it would ever do him he had not the most distant idea. During all this time he hadn't met Mr. Cameron more than two or three times, and they hadn't got beyond a familiar sort of how-d'ye-do acquaintance. One day Anderson took up a newspaper, and saw an advertisement for a mercantile clerk well acquainted with German. At that time he was not making much headway, and it struck him that he might better himself by looking after this situation. So he made an appointment with the X. Y. Z. who had advertised; and who should it prove to be but Mr. Cameron himself!

"Ha! my young cigar merchant," said he when they met; "what do you know about German?" Mr. Anderson explained.

"But," said Mr. Cameron, "you are German out and out, I am afraid. German pipes as well as German gutturals? It won't do, I think. I was obliged to get rid of my last German correspondent because he perfumed the counting-house with stale tobacco: pah! I couldn't bear it any longer."

"I haven't smoked for two years, sir," said Anderson. And that pretty nearly settled the matter at once. In two or three weeks' time he had got into Cameron's counting-house. After that, you know, he rose and rose till, by making himself useful, he was taken into the firm; but if you think he has not worked hard for it, you are mistaken. And I think you will agree with me in saying that my friend Mark Anderson does not owe his prosperity—no, nor even his first steps upwards—to what you, gentlemen, are pleased to call *LUCK*."

Poetry of the Declining Year.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Rings a low farewell:
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the wither'd beech-leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reddening in the rising sun;
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one:
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing,
Now their blighted green are growing
With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
Faintly down the furrow'd glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
Such a din is made,
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy brawling
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
Round the clifted rock's bare height,
All the bordering mountains covering
With a dim, uncertain light:
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
Wide its heavy burden sailing,
Deepens, as the day is failing,
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding
Through the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare;
Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of heaven,
All is blackness there.

PERCIVAL.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold December rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone!

O no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this alter'd ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare—
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

MORTON.